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The Weekly Gleaner,

A PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO
RELIGION, EDUCATION, BIBLICAL AND
JEWISH ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE
AND GENERAL NEWS.

JULIUS GOODMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE 133 CLAY STREET.

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THE GLEANER."

Tall Men.

Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who
lived in London, some years since, meas-
ured eight feet two inches. Cornelius
Agath, who died in the year 1790,
measured seven feet eight inches, and was
equal in stature and size to Daniel Car-
nus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheselcon,
a famous anatomist, speaks of a skele-
ton discovered in a Roman camp near St.
Alban, England, which he judged to have
been eight feet four inches. Goliath, of
Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland,
was eleven feet high, and Maximilian, the
emperor, was nine feet high. *Pacific*

A PORTION of the petrified jaw of some
animal was found at Suscol, (together
with fragments of ribs five or six inches
long,) which is described by the *Napa Re-*
porter. It has nine distinct concentric
rows of teeth, apparently worn down by
use and belonging to a vegetable-eating
animal.

The question "Why printers did not
succeed as well as brewers?" was thus
answered: "Because printers work for
the head, and brewers for the stomach,
and where twenty men have stomachs,
one has brains."

It is said that a roasted onion bound
on the wrist, on the pulse, will stop the
most inveterate toothache in a very few
minutes. Worth trying.

SOMEbody told a Dutchman that he had
the most feminine countenance the speak-
er had ever seen. "Oh, ya," said Hans,
"knew de reason for dis; mein moder
sh von vimans."

A MAN is a brute to be jealous of a
good woman—a fool to be jealous of a
worthless one; but a double fool to cut
throat for either of them.

The violet grows low and covers itself
with tears, and of all flowers yields the
sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

The stars, sun and moon apparently
revolve around the heavens once in twenty-
four hours, the pivots being the North
and South poles of the heavens; the
North pole is very near to the North

HUMAN LIFE.—When all is done, hu-
man life is, at the greatest and best, but
a froward child that must be played
with and humored a little to keep it quiet
until it falls asleep, and then the care is

A TERRIBLE WOMAN; OR, WOMAN'S FAITH.

FROM THE "SPIRITUAL AGE."

CHAPTER III.

MY CONFESSION.—Continued.

"I am an orphan, and I have no hus-
band!" said my mysterious tormentor,
in a low, but very marked tone.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle. You say
you know I am married, and I admit it;
but so strange has been my life since that
event took place, that sometimes it passes
from me entirely, and always, indeed,
rather an uncomfortable dream than a
reality of life. Six years ago I was mar-
ried. I was an only son, my father a
widower. His character was violent and
imperious. Our plantation adjoined that
of Colonel Pinckney's, who was also the
father of an only child—a daughter.—
This young lady was seventeen, awkward,
thin and sallow, and still farther cursed
with a timidity and shyness which put
herself and everybody who came near her
into a state of perpetual misery. But it
pleased our fathers to insist upon our
marriage. I had simply disliked the
young lady before; then I began to hate
her. It was wrong, perhaps, but I could
not help it. I had no option given me;
I must either marry her, or risk my im-
petuous parent's curse, and be disinher-
ited by him. I married as a man goes to
the gallows. The ceremony over, I jump-
ed on my horse, rode to the next town,
took the cars for Baltimore, thence to
New York, and thence by the first vessel
for Liverpool. Since then I have lived
in Europe. My allowance, which is princely,
has always been paid by my father;
but he has never written me a line. My
own letters have not been noticed, and
from the hour I was married, I have seen
neither my father nor my wife. Judge,
Madame, whether I am not excusable in
sometime—especially when tried as you
have tried me—forgetting that I have
neither the right to love nor to be loved."

I was agitated and spoke rapidly and
warmly. In truth, this woman had ac-
quired such an empire over me, that,
whether she spoke or listened, my thoughts
centred upon her wholly, and took shape
and color for my momentarily increasing
desire to penetrate the mystery with which
she obstinately surrounded herself. Con-
fessing that she loved me; relating to me
constantly just enough to stimulate curi-
osity and deepen interest: revealing new
beauties by a toilette as studiously co-
quettish as her dress at the ball of the op-
era had been plain and baffling; yet still,
as then, refusing to lift for a moment the
closely fitting silk mask, and disclose a
glimpse of the face it covered, the
charms of figure, carriage, manner, con-
versation, the delicious quality of her
voice, all she hid and all she discovered,
alike added fuel to the flame, and at
once so pleased and exasperated me, that
I was not for a moment in my right
senses, whether present or absent from
her. And she knew it; she practised
on it. My weakness was her strength;
my infatuation, her glory; for I was in-
fatuated to that point that, although
maddened almost by her arts, and capa-
ble of the wildest actions, I dare not ap-
proach her, if the mere motion of her
hand repelled me—I dare not disobey her,
no matter how strange or despotical her
commands or her restrictions.

Thus, when I had finished my confes-

sion, I waited like a criminal to hear her
decision—sitting silently and still, with-
a thought of rebellion—no matter what
it might be. After a pause, she said
slowly:

"Upon your honor, as a gentleman, you
have told me the whole truth?"

"Upon my honor—my soul—I have!"

"And this—this girl—your wife—was

—so repulsive, so awkward, ugly, that

your heart revolted from her?"

I bowed assent.

"Speak, sir," she said, almost harshly,

"you have words at will. This girl—this

wife—rather than even see her daily, you

preferred exile and an aimless life."

"I did!" said I emphatically.

My tormentor broke into a little

sharp, mocking laugh, which rasped on

my nerves like the filing of saws, and

went on:

"You excuse yourself well, sir; but it

is with the common sophistry of your

sex. Granted that all the circumstances

of your relation are true, and I accept

them as such, have you not deceived

yourself in the motive of this aversion to

the girl—your wife? Be frank; are you

not one of those to whom marriage to

any one seems an odious and galling

chain?—to whom the oath and duty to

love one woman, and keep yourself to her

alone till death separates you, appears

such an infringement of your manly lib-
erty—your heroic man's right to have all

the pleasures of the world, without its sor-
rows of self-denial—that the touch of the

marriage ring upon your finger transfor-
med to hate, what, under other circum-

stances—circumstances bent and fashion-
ed to suit your wayward will—might have

been love?"

"No!" I cried, impetuously. "That

girl was a horror to me. Nothing could

conquer my invincible repugnance for her.

It was not the act of marriage, it was she

alone who transformed me from what I

might have been to what I am. From

that moment I have avoided woman; I

have never loved until—"

"When?"

"I saw you."

"And you wish me to believe this?"

"I am ready to prove it," said I des-
perately, "with my life, if need be."

"You wear upon your finger a curious

ring," said she.

I looked instinctively to where she

pointed, and there, to be sure, on the sec-
ond finger of my left hand was my en-
gagement ring, a curious piece of gold-
work, representing two hands clasped and
holding between a single diamond. Given

me by my wife before that accursed mar-
riage, I had always worn it out of a kind

of pity for the girl, since, abhorrent as

she was to me, I could not help confess-
ing, in my heart of hearts, that her case

was little happier or more fortunate than

my own.

"Yes!" I stammered.

"Do you value it very highly?" said

she, carelessly.

"No!" said I; and I told the truth.

"Let me see it," said she; "it is un-
usual."

I took it off and handed it to her. She

took it, rose, and walked nearer to the

dim light, as if to examine it. At that

moment there came a knock at the door.

"Enter!" said the lady.

And my conductor, the gigantic negro,

entered, and spoke a few words to her.—

Then they both went out, she saying only

as she disappeared:

"Wait and trust!"

I sat, I know not exactly how long, af-

ter she left me—it must have been half
an hour, perhaps more. At last the door
re-opened, and my ebony conductor re-
appeared. He approached me, and placed
in my hands a small package.

"But the lady," I exclaimed.

"Has left the chateau," he answered.

"And whither has she gone?" I cried,

the blood rushing to my face, and my

heart contracting with a vague sentiment

of fear.

"She will be in Paris before us," said he

laconically. "I am ready to re-conduct

you."

There was nothing for it but to let my-

self be as blindly led back as I had been

brought there, and so I did.

We left the house; the night had grown

darker, and I could see still less of its ap-
pearance than on my arrival. I entered

the carriage, sunk back into my corner,
and fell into a fit of abstraction which

lasted until we stopped at the door of
my lodgings. The carriage rolled away,

and I was left standing, stupid and again

baffled, but more than ever infatuated, on

the step of my own door. I looked after

it till night hid it from me, and then

sprung upstairs, passing the concierge in

a way which must have given him an

idea that an escaped lunatic from Bicetre

had got into the house, instead of the or-
dinary quiet Mr. Hayward, locked my-

self in my room, and tore open the pack-
et which had been placed in my hand by

the negro.

It contained a small jewel-box and a

note. In the jewel-box was a ring in the

form of a small serpent, holding in his

mouth an emerald—green, a symbol of

abandonment. I own the idea pleased

me. The note, however, did not exactly

suit me. It was written in one of those

bold English hands, all of which look

alike, and have no character to mark

them as either feminine or masculine, and

ran thus:

"I will keep your ring. This you can have

no objection to, as you set no special value on

it. In exchange I send you a symbol. It is

for your wisdom to read it—it will be also

wisdom to wear it. Remember, I see you al-

ways—I may be even looking at you while

you read this."

I started and looked hurriedly around

the room, almost persuaded that from

some dim nook or corner those little

black diamond points of light, which had

glittered through her mask so maddening-
ly, were peering out at me in reality.—

The note went on:

"We shall at any rate, meet daily, as we

have met so often in the last month—in the

street, in society, at the opera, theatre, every-

where; but, when your good demands it, we

shall also meet as we met to-night—I say

your good, for perhaps, in your vanity, for you

are a man, you suppose our meeting to-night

was but to please a woman's fancy. You are

mistaken. Remember—think—and you will

know why you were taken from Paris this

night. To-night your companions met in the

Rue de Helder. At eleven o'clock they were

arrested by the police. Not a man escaped.

At eleven o'clock you were at my chateau, and

you escaped!"

THE WHITE GLOVE.

I crumpled up the note in my hands,

and fell into a bitter train of thought.—

It was true; that night the society of—

all republicans, and sworn to check the

growing ambition of Louis Napoleon, had

fixed as the night on which to meet, in

the Rue de Helder, and formalise a plan

of—insurrection, in short, if that extreme

resort should be the only remedy, the

only barrier remaining between liberty

and despotism. I had promised to be

there—my oath bound me to be there. My honor was compromised. What opinion would they have of me? Might they not even believe that it was I who had betrayed them? And to this a woman—a woman whose face I had not even seen—a siren who bewitched me by her voice—probably a secret agent of that very ubiquitous police into whose hands my brave and unfortunate companions had fallen—had lured me; she had turned me from the path of honor and duty, and branded me forever with the ineffaceable mark of cowardice and treachery—I passed a bitter and sleepless night, alternately cursing myself and her.

CHAPTER IV.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Towards daylight I fell into an uneasy sleep, from which I was awakened by unusual sounds in the streets. I rose hastily and looked out. A troop of cavalry, followed by a section of a battery of artillery, passed at full gallop—*ventre a terre*. There could be no mistake about the sign. There was trouble in the good city of Paris—perhaps an *eneute*, perhaps a revolution.

It was the 2d of December, 1851. I dressed myself in feverish haste, and thrust my pistols into the pocket of my coat, and rushed out of the house. It was about nine in the morning. All Paris was astir, and troops moving in every direction.

As the day wore on, the result so well known—the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon—was developed in all its cool and malignant atrocity. The people were defeated, and his artillery proclaimed the terrible fact that against a battery of a hundred guns, in position, and covered by even a mere handful of veterans, a popular revolt is madness. It was a repetition of the 18th Brumaire, and his great uncle's triumph over the "Sections."

That was the result to the world of that day: to me it was very different.

In the thickest of the fight I threw myself recklessly. It was not bravery—I pretend to no superior amount of that quality—which impelled or supported me. I was simply tired of life and disgusted with myself. I desired to wipe out, by some desperate act, the recollections of the woman of the opera who had so tormented me, and my neglect and failure to meet my republican companions on the evening before; therefore, wherever there was the most promising and lively chance of being knocked on the head, I put my miserable head in the way of being knocked. Death, however, after the custom of that intractable monster, seemed studiously to shun me. At last, as the sun went down on that scene of pitiless carnage, I got what I sought, and went down with him. A bullet in the shoulder, and a sharp bayonet thrust—it seemed to be in my breast, but I was not certain—stretched me senseless, and all the rest was mere oblivion.

How long I lay there I know not, nor how I was taken away; but with the first faint gleam of returning consciousness I was aware that I was no longer lying in the open street, surrounded by a crowd of the dying and the dead. I felt that I was upon a bed. At first I did not even try to open my eyes, but lay long and quietly with them closed, striving to rally my thoughts and recall the scenes of the day which I supposed to be just passed. My confusion was that I had been taken up, and carried with the luckier wounded to the Hotel Dieu. On the contrary, it appeared to be a large, old fashioned apartment, richly furnished in the style of Louis XIV, and breathing every where of wealth and luxury. I was puzzled, but too weak and sick to think very hard, and would have sunk into a dozy, dreamy state again, but something stirred in the room—somebody crossed it and came and leaned over me. I looked up—I was again in the hands of that terrible woman! The same mask was on her face—the same points of light were shining through the eyeholes; but now she was dressed as a Sister of Charity.

She caught my eye, and instantly holding up her finger admonishingly said:

"You must not speak—the doctor forbids it. You are safe, and in hands which have nursed you once before, and will nurse you till Heaven sees fit to make them no longer necessary to you. I know your impatience of character, and, to prevent your disobedience, I will tell you what I know you would most wish to ask. You have been here three days, always, until now, insensible. In three days more, the doctor says you will be able to talk, perhaps to move. Now sleep."

And she sat down by the bedside. I did not turn to see—I had not the power to do so; but I knew she was there. I could hear her regular breathing, and once I thought I heard a sob. It must have been fancy; that woman sob, and for me!—no, no! She could not weep, except, perhaps, if fate should mercifully take me beyond reach of her power to torment, to kill me by inches. That was what she was watching there for. She would not even allow me to die; she would snatch me from the very jaws of the grave, and bring me back to life to haunt and torture me. Why, why, should she? What could I have done to her, that she should follow me so pitilessly with her benefits, her protection, her maddening mystery. And so, thinking dreamily, dizzily—so, almost hating her, and yet penetrated with a strange feeling of tenderness and happiness to find her beside me—willing, almost to have her kill me as she pleased, so it was she who killed—I fell away into a deep sleep.

The next day and the day following, and still the third and fourth days were the same; constantly a dreamy half-sleep, and the consciousness of that terrible woman's being always near me, compelling me to get better and better. When I thought at all, that was the one fixed, unvarying train in which my thoughts moved. She was compelling me to get well, to live in spite of myself, in spite of fate. And what for?—what for? To make a wandering Jew of me—she always following me like the curse? And I could not help myself—I was powerless. The spell was on me. I felt, I knew that if that was her purpose she would fulfil it, and I—submit. Thus all the while, hour after hour, she was there, an inexorable fate a voice and filmy shadow in my dreams—a presence half imaginary, half real in my half-dreamy waking. She seldom talked herself; but when she did, her voice was lower and softer than I had ever heard it.

My servant to—"my boy," as we of the south call them always, even when time has sown a grizzle on the case, and age and a frosty pow are strangely at odds with the idea of boyhood—he was there. Born on the same day as myself, upon the same plantation, he had been given to me, and belonged to me; not in that acceptance of the word which to northern ears conveys merely an idea of property; but belonged to me body and soul—or I belonged to him, just as you as you please to phrase it. Indeed, I believe the latter to be the truer statement of the fact; for "Pomp," independently of the fact of his being a much finer and more fastidious person than myself, was clearly persuaded in his own mind that he owned me, and was responsible for my out-goings and in-comings from the cradle to the grave. Those who buy service with money may be well served servant fashion; but they neither love nor are loved. "Pomp," fine gentleman as he was, had no fineness where I was concerned; although a cowardly religious rascal about his own sable skin, was brave as a lion if mine was threatened. Now, however, as always, he seemed so much a part of myself, that I attached no idea to his being about me, nor how he came there, any more than to find my own arms and legs in their proper places. It was the presence of that terrible woman which occupied all my thoughts. Even the daily visits of the doctor never diverted my thoughts from her a moment. The doctor to my mind, was only a part of

her plan, her machinery for compelling me to live.

And so a week, two weeks, wore on, till I got strong enough to sit up in bed, and my wounds ceased to pain continually—only reminding me of the past, by occasional burning and nervous itching as they healed. Then another week, and I was well enough to be put into a great chair and wheeled to the fire, and to the window, which overlooked a park, beyond which a quaint old village lay sparkling in the crisp sunshine.

Now I began to talk—doggedly and sullenly at first, and then in a gentler way; for my masked owner was so kind and gentle, and bore my hardness so meekly, that in spite of my anger at being made to live whether I would or not, I could not help being touched and softened by her forbearance. Then she told me how, on that terrible 2d of December, I had been followed all day by her orders, but had fallen at last among such a crowd of dead and wounded, that I never would have been found but for the serpent ring upon my finger—the ring she had sent, and warned me to wear, and by which she had directed her agents to identify me, if necessary. Of course, I knew it. Only another proof of her diabolical ingenuity, in governing my life or death to suit her hidden purpose—only another proof of what a terrible woman she was. And her agents had found me by that serpent ring, and brought me back to the fascination of the beautiful serpent who enveloped me with her deadly coil. They had brought me, she told me, and I was there in her chateau—leagues and leagues away from Paris—alone, and in her power. Well, I cared not. I was past that. Let her do now what she pleased with me: it was all one to me—good or evil.

To be continued.

BUTCHERS, &c.


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Would respectfully announce to the Israelites of Sacramento that they are the only butchers on this side of San Francisco, who are able to furnish their friends with fresh meats of all kinds at all seasons of the year. Israelites will please take notice and give us a call.

213 J Street,
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P. S.—No other כשר meat in the City of Sacramento, except that found in our establishment.

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Second street, between Minnie and Mission.
Has always on hand a large and excellent assortment of
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Of a quality that cannot fail to recommend them to those who have heretofore honored him with their confidence. Keeps constantly on hand—

Home-Cured Smoked and Salt Beef,
Tongues, and Sausages, of all kinds.
N. B. Orders to any part of the city attended to with promptness. pl63m

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Kearny-street, between Pine and Bush,
No. 88.

All kinds of MEATS—Fresh, Home Cured, Smoked and Salt Beef, Tongues, Sausages, &c.
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CORNER SACRAMENTO AND DUPONT STS.

is, as known, provided with an excellent stock of meats, smoked and fresh, of every description.
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American Beef.

Orders to any part of the City and Country, will be forwarded with the greatest promptness.
ORDERS FOR FRESH VEGETABLES and FISH will be and forwarded to any part of the City according to the decision.

Chebrath Bikur Cholim Ukdocha.
This society will hold its regular meeting at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, Washington street, between Montgomery and Sansome, every second Sunday in each month at 7 o'clock P. M. precisely.
S. HARRIS, President.
15-tf
SIMON CRANER, Secretary.

כשר כשר

MR. H. BORER, for several years resident of Sacramento City, and known as an expert in the fully recommends himself in that capacity to the Israelites in this city and the country. Early attention and moderate charges may be relied upon.
Address, H. Borer, Corner H and 16th st., Sacramento.
For reference I beg to refer to Messrs. Green & Newbauer Segar Store, corner of I and J streets, by S. H.

כשר כשר


SACRAMENTO CITY.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the Israelites in this city, and especially in the city of Sacramento, that he is fully qualified and competent as a practicing physician, and is ready to attend any call, at any time, and in any place.
As to his ability, he would beg to refer to his friends in this city, as also to those who have been already with their confidence, and particularly to the State, to Mr. M. Heymon of the State, to Mr. Z. Newman.

Address: Z. Newman, care of Korn's Hotel, street, Sacramento.

כשר כשר

NOTICE
From, and after this date, Mr. S. H. Harris, authorized agent for the "Israelite" and the "Gleaner."
August 25th 1856.

כשר כשר

INFORMATION WANTED
Any person who can give information of the whereabouts of David M. native of Chodzezen, (Province of) will oblige by sending such to the of the "Gleaner," San Francisco.

Minister for San Francisco.

The Congregation Emanu-El, of San Francisco, wishes to engage at the earliest possible date, a MINISTER AND SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT. A man ready to receive applications, Salary, \$3,000 per annum, with the requisite. Term of first engagement—Not less than five years.
Applicants, in all cases, will be required to furnish references, as well as all such references that may be necessary, but also tend to facilitate negotiations.

Henry Seligman, President.
B. Hagan, Recording Secretary.
A. Tandler
A. Wasserman
B. Hamburger
A. Halphen
H. Greenebaum
Committee on
SAN FRANCISCO NOV. 14, 1858

Hebrew Class.

We have formed a Translating Hebrew for the children of from ten to fifteen years. Parents who wish their children to join, may send them SATURDAY days, at 9 o'clock, A. M.—Wednesday o'clock, P. M.

A class of children, of the age above, if properly encouraged at home, can learn to translate the Hebrew, in the course of from six to twelve months. This Hebrew Instruction, combined with other branches belonging to religious education, imparted to our children three times a week, is all that is required: consistent use of religious books, and other religious instruction, and all that is the example and the practice.

כשר כשר

על פסח הבצל

Morris Rosenfeld, known as a Matzoth Baker, brings to the notice public, that he will, this year, bake Matzoth which will not be surpassed in quality and reasonableness of price.

Orders are requested at an early date may be sent to Messrs. Scholle Bros. Custom House Block, or to Messrs. Bros., 114 Sacramento Street; or to the proprietor.

MORRIS RAPHAEL 49
Sacramento Union please copy bill to office "Gleaner."
Judah Martin, will be Shochet in Matzoth Manufactory.

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A. Newman, & L. Fleish.
RASSETTE MARKET
Corner of Sutter, Market, and Sansome STS. SAN FRANCISCO.

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Feb 25-64.

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Salmon,
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To our friends in the country and in the Atlantic Sta-
St. NICHOLAS HOTEL
Corner of Sansome and Commercial Streets.

THE UNDERSIGNED (WELL KNOWN FOR THEIR
experience,) have fitted up this splendid building with
special regard to the comfort and convenience of both
transient and permanent Boarders and Lodgers.

The St. Nicholas is the permanent residence of many
Families, to whom it has become endeared as a HOME;
consequently travellers stopping at this house are favored
with the pleasures of good society—a desideratum seldom
found in a hotel.

The table is well supplied with every delicacy. The
House is open at all hours,
A coach will always be in attendance to convey guest
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The undersigned is prepared to accommodate her
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This new and spacious hotel, centrally
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Coaches will convey guests to and from the house.

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This "Retreat" has again been open
ed, and the undersigned invite their friends as
others, who are spiritually inclined to give them
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Corner SACRAMENTO and
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and Pacific Mail Steam Ship Office.

The Weekly Gleaner.

We do not endorse any advertisements in our columns.

TO SOCIETIES ETC.

We can give no news items relative to public matters in this city, or elsewhere in this state, unless such reach us officially.

All births, marriages, and deaths (if sent to the office with the family, and air names properly specified) are published gratis.

Any compliments to private men, living or dead, have to be paid for. Societies can fairly claim no more privileges than the editor himself enjoys: he also has to pay for publishing; hence no communications from societies, unless they be of public interest, will be published without pay.

HOLIDAYS

יום שבת Saturday 24.
חג 1st days, Sat. Sun., April 7, 8
" latter days, Friday Saturday, April 13, 14.

The Liberty Pole.

We are pleased to see that a petition was sent by Irish citizens to the Board of Supervisors, requesting them to be allowed to erect a new Liberty pole, in place of that cut down, under circumstances that need not be again mentioned. The provocation given to our Hibernian citizens was highly galling. Still, the person who, under excitement, cut down the pole, could not possibly have understood the gravity of the offence committed by that act; it requires high mental development to understand the nature of a symbol. And we are glad to see the Board of Supervisors receive the petition in the spirit in which it was offered.

The transaction teaches the danger of excitability of temper; and the beauty of acknowledging, amending, and generously forgiving offences.

The Paper Currency.

A paper currency is at all events very convenient. But the question is for whom is the convenience to ultimate. What were the certificates of deposit of Adams, of Page and Bacon and a host of others? they were a paper currency; very convenient, but it all turned wrong way; instead of the banker being stationary and his papers current, it was the paper that was stationary and the bankers were current.

The people may ask what they want; but anything offered by the lawmakers, must needs always be looked upon with suspicion.

* Current from the Latin Curro to run.

Our Sincere Thanks.

The late increase of pupils at our religious school, rendered it highly desirable for us to have considerable more assistance in the teaching department, than was required heretofore. To secure the assistance of minds qualified for, and attuned to so sacred a task, is not very easy among us—it is not knowledge, nor book-learning, (for such is furnished by the books used by the teacher), that qualify man to impress his fellow-man with the existence of the ineffable One; with our relations and responsibilities to Him, and our duties to our neighbor—it requires gifts of a higher, and more rare nature than mere knowledge. And well understanding the influence exercised by the teacher over the impressionable minds of youth, we have to be very particular in the choice.

Still, we are happy to state, that the choice we have been able to make, is thank God, one that our children may congratulate themselves: If, in the teacher of religion and morality, there are required, deep seated religious impressions, a high toned morality, purity of intentions and aims, education and refinement,

and a love and devotion to the cause, our young friends, who kindly offered their assistance in the sacred task, do in every respect, satisfy the high demands. Delicacy forbids us to give names; but as such will soon become known through our children, we are confident that our school will command universal respect of our Hebrew community.

We have now (as far as circumstances will allow), that assistance which will enable us to pay more attention to the individual wants of our children; while hitherto we could only operate with them collectively.

We sincerely thank our young friends for their ready compliance with our wishes, and we cherish full hopes, that if the task that we impose on them, is in itself an arduous one, the high aim, and the sacredness of the cause, will be sufficient encouragement for an unremitting zeal and perseverance.

While we return our sincere thanks to our young friends, we cannot but express our appreciation and thanks, to their worthy parents, for the readiness with which they met our wants; for we may well mention it, we had but to express our wishes, and they were met with a most ready and truly religious response.

May the Almighty God bless our efforts, and render our beloved children a blessing to us, and an honor to their parents.

PAPAL ENACTMENTS CONCERNING JEWS.—We copy from a cotemporary the following:—The Papal Government, as at present constituted, cannot be defended. The Holy Office, as of old, selects the Jews as peculiar objects of persecution. It cannot now burn them, as in the palmy days of the Spanish Inquisition, but that the spirit remains the same may be seen from the following edict of no earlier date than 1843: all the Israelites residing in Acona and Siniglia may no longer give food to Christians, nor receive Christians into their service, under pain of being punished according to the Pontifical decrees. All the Israelites must sell, within the space of three months, their moveables and other property, otherwise their effects will be sold by auction. No Israelite may sleep out of the Ghetto; no Israelite may have friendly relations with Christians. The Israelites may not deal in holy ornaments, nor in books of any kind, under a fine of 100 scudi and seven years imprisonment. The Israelites in burying their dead, must not perform any ceremony; they must not use lights under pain of confiscation. Whoever shall violate the above edict shall incur the pains of the Holy Inquisition. The present measure shall be communicated to the Ghetto, that it may be published in the Synagogue.—Inquisitor-General, SALVA.—Messenger.

The Papal Government and the Jews.

There are 600,000,000 of human beings who either never heard of the Pope or of the Papacy, or who hate or laugh at both. The Pope and Papacy damn them all as infidels, or heretics, or heathens. At the present time of day this may seem abominable, or it may seem ridiculous; but ridiculous or abominable, such damnation in the next world is probably preferred by the parties concerned to being burnt or impaled in this. But though heretics do not regret the faggot, pious Romanists do, and if the Holy Inquisition can only curse, where it was used to roast, the fault is in the times and not in the will of the Apostolic tribunal. Fortunately, if Christendom has escaped, Judaism is in its clutches still, and in its treatment of the Jews the world may detect the hypocrisy of Roman Catholic clamour for religious toleration, in this sect's vocabulary, is license where they are not in power, and persecution where they are. The ghetto, then, or Jew's quarter, in Rome, is the human kennel in the city. Nothing so foul or so obscene is to be found in Europe. The Municipality ignores, the Church damns, and the populace loathes and spit on them. Not only

is no Jew admissible to any public employment, but he must neither hold a farm himself nor manage it for another. Manufactures, like agriculture, are denied to them, and the meanest of trades and the vilest occupations are all that the Jews of Rome can carry on. Politically persecuted, the Israelite, of course, is socially and morally tabooed. Two years ago the Prefect of Ancona published an edict forbidding Christians to talk with Jews in public; and a Jew tradesman's wife eloping with his shopman who was a Roman Catholic, she turned Catholic and was married to him, the Church and law ignoring the Jew husband altogether!—The world knows what the same Church and law did with the little Mortara. In the Papal States the Jew is an animal, used like a horse or ass, without political rights, without a social place, a Pariah, not a citizen.—*Morning Advertiser.*

Proposal to Invite the Pope to Ireland.

A meeting has been held in the chapel at Skibbereen, to give effect to the "Bishop's Pastoral." Dr. O'Hea, titular bishop of Ross, presided.—Mr. M'Carthy moved a resolution expressive of sympathy for the Pope, which was seconded by Father Troy, P. P., who thus harangued the meeting:—Who are the enemies of the Pope? In the first place Victor Emanuel, the excommunicated scoundrel—[loud groans]—a man who has for his prime minister Cavour, the Oliver Cromwell of Turin. [hear, hear]. This noble pair are persecuting the clergy, robbing the convents, and confiscating church property, and not only that, but Victor Emanuel, the low fellow—[cheers and laughter]—he had a beautiful daughter—a lovely Italian girl—what did he do? He says, "I will marry you to one of the Bonapartes"—a fellow that had not a shilling to buy a bowl of pea-soup for himself [great laughter]. He was all hair and skin, like my neighbor's pig [continued laughter and cheers]. "Oh," says Victor Emanuel, "if I give my daughter in marriage to this Bonaparte, why the Emperor will come and bring his battalions; he will give me the Pope's dominion, and I will settle them on my children, and be the best man in the whole world." But I tell Victor Emanuel and Count Cavour that there are brave soldiers here in Ireland—[loud cheers]—and strong arms here in Ireland [continued cheers]. If the English Ministers and those spoliators could deprive the Pope of his dominions, what would you think if we brought the Pope over to Ireland [loud cheers]. A voice: With a *cead mille faillte* [continued cheers]. The Rev. Mr. Troy: I would send £1,000 and 1,000 men for him [cheers]. If the Pope was in Ireland it would be a great blessing.—Shrovetide is coming on, and he would give us all dispensation [cheers]. We want no charities from England. We have strong arms and green fields. We want them to let us alone, and to go away from us [hear and cheers]. A voice: We will send them away [cheers]. The Rev. Mr. Troy: Nabockish [laughter]. My last prayer, if I were dying, would be Ireland for the Irish and, the Irish for Ireland [loud and continued cheers].—The Rev. gentleman concluded by seconding the resolution.—*News of the World.*

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.—We had occasion to mention in our issue of the 24th ult., that we were told that the First Hebrew Benevolent Society expended some seven hundred dollars in one month.—We have since learned that the books of another Hebrew society in this city show, for the short month of February last, an expenditure of the exact sum of seven hundred and thirty-eight and fifty cents, for charitable purposes.

The Protestant Mission at Jerusalem. 120 Converts.

From Dr. Frankel's "Nach Jerusalem."

"I visited the Anglican church, a plain but handsome building, in the Gothic style. It rises with three pointed arches, between which are joists of brown wood. There is no cross on the altar.—Instead of it there are two tablets of black marble, on which the Ten Commandments are engraven in Hebrew characters of gold. The pews are of plain dark wood. The church is lighted in the evening by colored glass globes supported on posts of oak. On one of the pews I found a prayer-book, which had been forgotten, in the Hebrew language. It contained the usual ancient Jewish prayers, with slight omissions, and interlineations on matters, connected with the Christian faith. Thus the opinions and feelings of the recent convert to Christianity are not only spared, but, to speak more correctly, homage is done to them, and the neophyte is thus gradually habituated to the other faith. When all the Jewish converts residing in Jerusalem are assembled in this church, they form an imposing and numerous congregation. What other Jewish congregation in the world, even when all its members are assembled, can boast, like that of Jerusalem, of having a hundred and thirty baptised in one church!

Conversion to Mahomedanism is very rare.

In the course of the last eight years, there have been only four cases of Austrian subjects swearing by the Koran.—The consul remarked that he never offered any obstacle to a change of religion, when it proceeds from conviction, but that the convert to Islamism does not cease to be an Austrian subject. This fact prevents some from apostatising.

We cannot but be struck with the phenomenon of so many Jewish converts to Christianity, and chiefly to Protestantism, in the holiest city in the world, and with the apparently important results of missionary labor, but this impression is very much weakened if we examine, from a religious and moral standpoint, the character of the sheep which have been brought within the fold by the shepherds. Even had I been in a position to do so, it was not my design to investigate and make myself acquainted with the means employed by the mission to induce the Jews to be baptised. But there is not a shadow of a doubt, at least at Jerusalem, that these holy fishers of men use the golden net, and every one who chooses to inquire about this matter will receive this reply.

The Latins, also, only begin to supply those who become Catholics after their conversion. The Protestants give earnest money, and demoralize families.—When a father sternly rebukes his children, it is not unusual for them to reply with the insolent threat, "I will go to the mission."

One day, when I was walking with my host through the bazaar, I was addressed by a man, who asked me to make him a present of 3,000 piastres, which he owed to the mission; in this way I should save him, his wife, and six children from being baptised. This man had stolen 3,500 piastres, and as the Jews refused to intercede for the thief, out of revenge, he went to the mission; and thus the noble Rosh-dian, certainly no colossus of the faith, became a convert to Protestantism. This may serve as an example of the means and principles of those who, in the unalterable opinion of the Jews in the Holy Land, are converted into "idolators" by the mission. It is notorious that many Jews go to Jerusalem for the express purpose of being baptised, because their baptism there is attended with greater advantage to themselves. It also frequently happens that these religious travellers receive baptism in the different cities which they visit on the way, probably as a preparatory process for their being re-baptised at Jerusalem.

The following witticism from the lips

A Jew may be given as an illustration of Jewish-Polish humor, and of the operations of the Missionary Society:—Baptism was the only good business we had, who has spoiled it? The Jews themselves, by underselling one another."

If we could close our eyes to the object which the mission has in view—but cannot close our eyes to that which is immoral and bad—we should readily admit that it has conferred many material advantages on the Jews, and done much to promote civilization in the high sense of the term. The mission has a well managed hospital, with 36 beds, reserved for the poor of every creed; a sewing-school, which affords employment from 80 to 100 women; a house of industry with six pupils, Polish boys, who are taught to be joiners and turners; an agricultural establishment, which employs 100 men. I often met these in the evening, returning from their work in a field, which the Missionary Society had bought. Many who are shy of receiving alms directly from the mission, are employed here, chiefly to afford a certain advantage, and thus attach them to the Society from gratitude. In all events, they are obliged to listen to a missionary sermon every evening.—The sum received for a day's labor beneath the glare of the Syrian sun is only a few piastres, and yet there are crowds who are anxious to earn it.* I regard the fact as an additional proof that the mechanics and laborers, though very much oppressed, are by far the most respectable part of the Jewish population of Jerusalem, and that they are willing to use their hands even at the most menial kinds of labor.

The success of the mission is partly owing to the Jews themselves. While the conversion of a Jew to Christianity is a painful sensation and excites surprise in a German or Austrian community, the same event is regarded with considerable indifference by the Jews at Jerusalem. It may be that they have become indifferent, owing to the frequency of the event, or that they are quite willing to make a present of the proselytes, who are usually not remarkable for their moral principle, to the Society.—The family of a convert, though grieved at first, are soon reconciled to the change, if the family ties are not dissolved; he eats with them, he is still called "Reb," and addressed by his Jewish name. The family knows that, in most cases, his inward convictions have remained unchanged, and I have heard him say, "He will soon come back, after he has helped himself." Then there is joy.

The value of a Turkish piaster was formerly 25 cents, and now 8 cents.

LADIES HEBREW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Ladies Hebrew Benevolent Society of Sacramento, held on Monday, March 11th, the following officers and Trustees were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mrs. P. Frank; Vice-President, Mrs. Mr Hyman; Treasurer, Mrs. Bremer; Secretary, Mrs. Brown. Trustees—Mrs. Ahpel, Mrs. Lipman, Mrs. Lehman and Mrs. Berwin. Visiting Committee—Mrs. Marks and Mrs. J. Greenbaum.

Italian Affairs.

Romagna is considered best for the Pope. Napoleon has almost publicly declared against the policy of the Pope. The hundred Bavarians offered their assistance to his holiness. But can he accept it? Jesus says "My disciples do not fight." The Pope thanked, in an address, the faithful Irish of the Diocese of Rome, for their sympathy.

For a new Suit, to suit your person and purse, call at LOCKWOOD & HENNESSEY, 176 Clay Street.

The Torture of Teachers—Worried in, and out of School.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN:—The article in Wednesday's *Bulletin*, entitled "The Torture of the Innocents—Studying out of School," contains many truthful remarks; but you say, in the conclusion of the article, that "the reform involves possibly more work for the teachers and more attention to the object of all order in school, than to the simple keeping of order."

One would imagine from these expressions that a teacher's position, while teaching, is a bed of roses. Those not acquainted with teaching know nothing of the utter prostration of strength, (in good teachers), mental and bodily, of talking, scarcely without interruption, five hours daily. Preachers who know what it is to do this on one day of the week, think the cessation of the rest of the week from it necessary to recover their vigor. I know that there is scarcely a teacher in this city who does not exert himself in his calling to the utmost of his strength. Mr. Editor, do you know how many teachers, even in the short space of time of California's existence as a State, have gone in a galloping consumption to an untimely grave? In the last census published of the number of inmates in the English mad houses, three out of every ten were engaged in teaching! The late master of Eton School in England—one of its best—declared at his resignation, that no man could expect to retire from teaching after twenty years' hard work with the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Then in your remarks, pray have some regard for the poor teachers. We all love boyhood; why not include in that love a little for their teachers' manhood?

I cannot suppress my indignation when I hear the sapient of the Board of Education berating their teachers for not studying out of school hours to make their knowledge keep pace with the demands of the age. I wish, when I hear their would-be wonderful remarks, that I could box each of them up only one little month, for only five hours per days with twenty sprightly young Californians, who never have been taught or never had any discipline at home. I imagine that he would crave a little of that public sympathy that is so generously and warm heartedly shown to the boys. There are some men and their number is not far from legion, who think that to sit on a three or four legged stool all this time, shut out from the glorious unconfined light of day, breathing a noxious atmosphere, imposing a continual restraint on his natural temper and feelings, conning with dull pupils the elements of often dry knowledge, snatching like a dog at a stolen bone, their meals in haste, worried by the parents at home (their school-room), often villified by the Board abroad—that I say, it is a

Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!

Pray, Mr. Editor, be not so ready to follow the fashion of devoting all sympathy for the boys, and none for their teachers. Be assured, from an old teacher, that from every rose in this bed of roses, there issue at least ten thorns to deprive him of anything like wholesome rest; and to expect an energetic, conscientious teacher to sit down at night and work to keep pace with the galloping science of the age, is about as sensible as to expect him to attempt the act of flying without the aid of wings.

There is many a man gathering rags and broken bottles about this city, who enjoys more of life and makes more money, than the majority of our teachers; and even those who are the principals of private schools are rarely known, after devoting the whole of their lives to the business, to retire with anything like a competence or any provision for old age. Some of the readers of the *Bulletin*, doubtless have been pedagogues. Well, were sprightly young Californians a part of their "delightful task?" I fancy they would wince a little after one

month's discipline required from them at this "delightful task," and think the poor teachers somewhat ill-used people. They would begin to think that this kind of animal life was rather too strongly developed—required too much of self sacrifice—that the supply was a little too unequal to the demand of the teaching-machine; that its power was a little too much taxed; that the screws could not, nor ought, if they could, be screwed down tighter by any muscular Board of Education-arm. Oh! start the fashion of sympathy for the poor teachers.

Pity the sorrows of the old young man,
Whose weary brains have brought him to your door
Whose joys are dwindled to the shortest span
O, give relief, and heaven will help your store!

Let no one think, in the generosity of his heart, that the poor teachers are rich, that their work is all play, that their energy is all idleness, that their privileges are many, that their berth is a mighty easy one, especially in California. As journalists, pray give them a gift of a paragraph now and then.

AN OLD ABECEDEARIAN

Morocco Fund.

The undersigned committee, appointed to collect funds towards the relief of the Morocco sufferers, beg leave to report that up to March 17th the sums remitted to them amounted to..... \$3686.25 Received since from Mr. Wm.

Hecht,..... 5.00

Total.....\$3791.25

The balance on hand will be forwarded to Sir Moses Montefiore in London, by the steamer of the 5th of April.

At the point of closing their labors the Committee most sincerely thank the contributors for the promptitude, with which they have answered the call, and contributed so handsomely, to so humane an object.

L. Sachs, Chairman, L. Tichner.
M. Heller, E. Newburger.
Mr. Koshland, L. Goldstone.
S. Marks, S. Rich.

Add to the above the 1500, that are known to be sent to the committee at New York, and the remittances from Oregon and others that did not transpire; the total amount from the Pacific coast sent towards the Morocco fund, must have been between \$5,000 to \$6,000.

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW"

The contract to supply rations for prisoners confined in the County Jail and City Prison, has been awarded to Michael Conway, who agrees to furnish such supplies at the rate of twelve and a half cents per diem for each person for three months.

INSPECTOR OF THE MARKETS.—A bill passed by the Senate creating the office of beef and pork inspector. If there is anything requiring the attention of our Legislature, it is some such measure to divert the stream of "refuse" that has poured into California for a market it could secure in no other part of the civilized world.

The remuneration of the office will be at least \$50,000, and may be \$60,000 per annum, as last year the imports of beef and pork exceeded 34,000 barrels.—This unreasonable tax falls upon the consumer. Think of a beef and pork inspector receiving twice the pay of the President of the United States.—*Ex.*

TRI-WEEKLY.—We understand that the Overland Mail Company, on account of the increase of travel between this city and Visalia, will put on a tri-weekly line, on or about the first of next month. Telegram.

PASSAGE FARES.—To get to New York by the next steamer, the charges will be, for the first cabin, \$257.50 and \$232.50; for second cabin, \$157.50; for steerage, \$107.50.

INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA.—The number of Indians formerly occupying California, is calculated to have been about 215,000.

JAPANESE AND NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—An interesting item in the *Bulletin* quotes, a number of Japan junks, that at the different times were thrown on our coast. And from the similarity of some words used by the Japanese now in our city, and the Oregon Indians, it is likely that (a portion) of the natives came originally from Japan.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—The *Daily Gazette* having changed into an evening paper, the first number appeared on the 26th. It is the size of the *Call*, published at 12½ cents a week, "devoted to the interests and amusement of the industrial classes."

Its reading matter is good; so is the typography. There is no doubt of its meeting of success.

THE PONY EXPRESS.—The best hopes are entertained that the Pony Express will, by the aid of the Telegraphs, be able to bring us Eastern news in ten days.

ITALIAN CIRCULARS.—A subscription list is opened in this city by a committee of Italians, to forward funds for the purchase of a million of muskets for Garibaldi.

OUR NEIGHBORS.—We thankfully acknowledged the regular receipts of several city exchanges. And it is not from want of appreciation that we omit express statements of the periodicals, as the *Expositor*, *Hesperian*, *Hutchings's Magazine* and the *Pacific Medical Press*; it is partly from want of space, as also, to avoid monthly repetitions of productions so fully known and appreciated.

YANKEE CLOCKS.—The New Haven Clock Company turned out this year no less than 150,000 clocks, and 176,000 movements.

Special Notices

H. Y. M. L. A.

The members of the H. Y. M. L. A. are hereby notified, that the semi-annual meeting of the association, for the election of officers &c., will be held, on Sunday April 1st, at 6½ P. M.

By order of the President.

Lewis Hess, Secretary.

A special meeting, of the board of Trustees, is hereby convened, for Sunday April 1st, at 6 P. M.

INFORMATION WANTED

Any of our readers, in the city or country, who could give information of the whereabouts of Mr. LEOPOLD HOWARD, an early resident of this city, who, in 1854 returned to Europe, married, as we think, at Trebitsch, (Moravia Austrian dominions), brought her to America, and settled for some time at Lima—will greatly oblige absent friends, by sending such information to the office of the "Gleaner."

Said Mr Howard, is reported to have kept here a Jewelry Store in Montgomery Street, which he bought of a Mr Jacobi.

Is there any person who knew either Mr. Howard or Mr. Jacobi, from whom we could receive some information? If there is, we hope soon to hear from him.

INFORMATION WANTED

Any of our readers who can give information of the whereabouts of Edward S. Delevie, a native of Emden, Hanover, will oblige by sending such to Mr. O. Mebius,* Counsel of Hanover, of this city.

There is a letter of importance for him from Europe.



THE FAMILY.

School Notice.

On account of the former hour's interference with other arrangements of the music teacher, we are compelled to change the usual hours of session, which till further notice will be as follows.

Saturday From 9 A. M.

Sunday

Thursday 4 P. M.

Parents will oblige by seeing to it, that the children each school at the time appointed.

Children, Prepare your Lessons.

For Saturday, "Lesson Book," Lesson 13 and 14.

Sunday Lesson 15.

Do not forget your books and copy books

Notice to Parents.

Several children profit very little at our School, owing to irregularity of attendance and the want of home influence to assist us.

School for Religious Instruction.

Our School for Religious Instruction is now 134 Montgomery Street, 3d house from Jackson Street, over Coulter's Furniture Store.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

A monarch is the mountain pine!
It towers to the sky!

And wears in sunshine and in storm,
Its robe of changeless dye.

While even the sturdy oak must bow
To winter's ruthless sway,
And all the noble forest trees,
Their glories cast away;

The stately mountain pine unchanged,
Amid the dreary scene,
Still rears its proud majestic form,
Forever fresh and green!

When in those hallow'd days gone by,
The glorious woods I roved,
Above all other forest trees,
That stately tree I loved.

I loved it for its tower'ing form—
Its hue of changeless dye—
And for the power it seem'd to have,
The winter to defy.

Like journeying through the forest still,
This life appears of mine,
And every generous spirit seems,
A stately mountain pine!

As o'er the forest trees the pine
Lifts up its lofty crest,
So 'mong the countless mass of men
They tower above the rest.

Within each bosom burns the fire
Of love, which never dies;
While trust in God a strength imparts
Which every storm defies.

Time hath for them no withering blight,
The seasons as they roll,
Bring with them only more of health,
And vigor, to the soul.

And when at length life's winter comes,
No change in them is seen,
They flourish like the mountain pine,
Forever fresh and green!

Touching.

It is said of one the earls of Roden, that there stood in his stately hall a strong box, on which was painted the words, "To be saved first in case of fire." After the earl's death, it was opened in expectation of finding some rich treasure; but nothing was found save the toys of an only and departed child, whose memory by these simple relics he sought fondly to cherish.

Rules for Governing of Children.

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand."

1. **THREATENING.**—LYING.—Threaten seldom, and be careful how you threaten; never lie. Some parents tell lies: no wonder their children become liars.

2. **SCOLDING.**—ORDERS.—Never scold your children, nor tell them to do a thing, (no, not the merest trifle), unless you intend them to do it, and do it now.

3. **CRYING.**—Never give them anything for their crying. Some parents (very unwisely) endeavor to pacify their little one by promises of sweetmeats, and sometimes by telling them of witches, ghosts, hobgoblins; or that Bears, or the "black man," will catch them! Such impressions are often ruinous, lasting as eternity. Some children have been, actually frightened to death!

4. **WASTEFULNESS.**—Never allow your children to be wasteful; this evil will follow them to the grave. Bread, pie, cakes, and other fragments of food, partially eaten, are often thrown away! Shameful! Thousands are now perishing for the crumbs that fall from your table.

5. **CRYING.**—Never suffer your children to cry at mere trifles; some acquire this habit very young, and will cry, fret, and whine continually! their little faces actually become wrinkled from crying.

Stop this thing, stop it now, stop it for ever. Your own happiness and those around you demand it.

6. **MODERATION.**—SELF-DENIAL.—Govern the appetites of your children: let their meals be regular, their diet plain, simple; always keeping in view their age, circumstances, exercise, &c. Self-denial is the first, and most important thing, the very essence of well being. Lay your hand firmly. Let self-denial be first, last, always.

7. **THE ROD.**—Do you punish sometimes for wilful disobedience? chastise corporally? Very well; be calm as a clock, yet decisive; keep down passion. Do not kick, beat or slap; take the rod, so Solomon says, so say we, take the rod, let it tingle—do up the work, do it thoroughly, work well done is done forever. Ask God to bless it. Is the stubborn will subdued? Keep it subdued always. Seest thou a spark of the "old man" rising? put it out, as you value the soul, keep it out.

8. **RELIGION.**—Parents, dear, train your little ones for God. Lay out your strength here; stretch every nerve, you will never regret it. Polish these jewels, polish them highly; put on the finishing touch. God commands it, the world demands it.—*Golden Rule.*

A Capital Trick that ended well.

MAKING FUN.

Here is a good story which we have just heard. A young man (a brother to "Sly Boots," perhaps; for, like her, he enjoyed a good joke,) was studying in College. One afternoon he walked out with one of his instructors, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes lying beside the path, which appeared to belong to a poor man at work close by. "Let us have a little amusement at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we hide these shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them.

"I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich, and supposed you put a silver dollar in the toe of each shoe, and then we will hide."

The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise, when he stooped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and found it to be a hard dollar, and then

his absolute perplexity and astonishment, when he found still another in the other shoe. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding place deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears? Young friends, and you, Miss "Sly Boots," when you want to enjoy real fun, real pleasure at witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot in some way imitate the student.—Such tricks are worth performing.

Sickness and disease are; in many minds, the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body, may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality, and as we drive on heedlessly, in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Romping.—Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven who has given her health to be so. It is better than a distorted spin or hectic cheek.—Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctors bills for them.

Singing in School.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage," &c., and certainly to cool down excited school-boys, to refresh them when jaded, and to give the school room attractions. A pleasant lively song comes in between the dry recitations like plums in a mince-pie, like dinner between the hungry hours, like a bath on a hot and dusty day. It wakes up the drowsy, comforts the nervous, gives vent to the suppressed animal spirits. It promotes cheerfulness and order; is a privilege thrust in between duties, an oasis planted in a desert. Let singing in schools be encouraged, by all means, and at any necessary expense.—*Bulletin.*

Answer to Enigma in "Gleaner" 7.

The answer to Enigma in "Gleaner" No. is, "The Welcome Guest."

Allow me to offer the enclosed Enigma for your next week's issue.

ENIGMA 4.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 13, 8, 9, 10, 10, 11, Is what children should love.

My 2, 4, 6, 10, 7, 4, 5, Was customary in ancient times.

My 9, 10, 5, Is what potatoes ought to be.

My 2, 4, 5, Is an industrious and busy insect.

My 5, 10, 6, 3, 8, Is what quack physicians often recommend.

My 8, 2, 4, 6, 10, 4, What some boys use on the 4th of July.

My 2, 4, 6, 12, The name of a female.

My 1, 12, 11, 5, What is generally put on potatoes.

My whole is the name of a large Hotel. F. R.

PAYMENTS.

DOWNEVILLE.—Messrs Stich and Rosenthal \$7.50 to Vol. IV.

PETALUMA.—Mr. Julius Remack, to Vol. IV. 14.

BIRTHS.

In this City, March 23d, the wife of Herrman Hertz, of a son.

MARRIED.

In this city, March 25 Mr. S. S. Ackerman to Louisa Koenigsberger.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SONG FOR SPRING.

BY LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE, 176 CLAY STREET.

Tis Spring, balmy Spring, with its sunshine and dew,
All nature is smiling, the birds they sing gay;
Trees and plants are all green, hills and vales decked
In flowers.

And, though March winds are blowing, 'tis pleasant
May.

When birds, trees, and flowers appear in new
Each Spring 'tis a lesson man cannot get of;
It bids him do likewise, and knowing the same,
Goes to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE's far-famed
Store.

There, the elegant votary of fashion and leisure
Still goes, when his wardrobe he wants to renew,
Coat, pants, vest, cravat—in fact it is a pleasure,
Even though you don't purchase, their fine goods
view.

The merchant, the banker, the doctor, the lawyer,
Mechanics, and miners who dig out the ore,
All classes, from the "dandy" to the humble woodworker,
Go to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE's far-famed
Store.

The youth of our city, the pride of each parent,
Go there without fail, for their Sunday attire;
As Lockwood & Hendrie a fit always warrant,
And the ladies the wearers are sure to adorn.

The boys, too, are proud, when in suits they are smart,
Each feels himself greater than he ever was before,
Fine goods, at low price, it can't be disputed,
Are at LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE's far-famed
store.

They have "Furnishing Goods," too, the largest
ment
E'en seen in one store on the Pacific coast;
Their shirts and kid gloves can improve the dandy,
Of the best dressed men our city can boast.

Their hosiery drawers, pocket handkerchiefs, collars,
Would madden "Beau Brummel," could he have
to's shore;
Who can wonder all classes now go with their dollars
To LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE's far-famed Clothing
Store.

For venerable grampa, in his second childhood,
They have clothing to suit—for rich man or poor,
As well as for sportsmen, whose delight is the wild
Where his dog and his gun do the fat game score.

Just look at their store—see their stock—hey don't
To compare it with others: I need say no more;
As all who want goods, by wholesale or retail,
Go to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE's far-famed
Store.

San Francisco, March, 1860.

Our Motto—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."

LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE,
NO. 176 CLAY STREET.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers and Importers of

CLOTHING,

Offer, at Wholesale and Retail, the largest and
STOCK OF GENTS' AND BOYS'

CLOTHING & FURNISHING GOODS

To be found in California.

Being extensively engaged in manufacturing, we
enabled to sell good garments at PRICES TO SUIT
TIMES.

We invite the particular attention of Dealers to
superior advantages we possess for filling their
punctually and satisfactorily.

Gents' and Boys' Clothing made to order in the
style.

H. M. LOCKWOOD.....142 & 144 Broadway, New York.

J. W. HENDRIE.....176 Clay Street, San Francisco.

March 21.

JOSEPH ISAAC,
(LATE ADOLPH BRIGER)
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Stationery

No. 131 Sansome street,
BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND MERCHANT

SAN FRANCISCO.

Blank Books, Playing Cards, Labels of every description,
all at the lowest market price.

Particular attention paid to all orders from the Country.

על פסח
COSHER BOARDING

PESAH.

MRS. STODOLE is prepared to receive
this year as heretofore, a number of boarders
for PESAH, who may find accommodation
with both board and and lodging.

122 Commercial st. near Leidesdorf

שבת
NOTICE.

A competent Shochat wishing to engage
for the approaching Pesah Holidays, will
ply to the undersigned: naming the terms
which he is willing to engage.

B. FRANKENHEIM, Secy
Stockton March } Con. Kyhim Aborn
6th, 1860.

STRICTLY
כשר על פסח

THE UNDERSIGNED RECOMMENDS FOR
coming holidays, his well selected stock of
quality
Smoked Beef,
Corned Beef,
Smoked Sausages, and Schmaltz.

A large stock constantly on hand, and will be delivered
to all parts of the city free of charge.
B. HELLER,
243 Kearny St. between Pacific and Broadway.

כשר
COSHER BOARDING

JOEL MINTZ has opened a Cosher Boarding
No. 88 Commercial street, between Sansome and
erry. Gentlemen who wish to partake of a plain,
meal, can be accommodated.